

1568/1688
REFLECTIONS
ON THE
STRUCTURE,
AND
PASSIONS,
OF
MAN,

Under the following HEADS, viz.

I. On the STRUCTURE of MAN.

II. On the PASSIONS,

VANITY,	LEARNING,	FRIENDSHIP,
GLORY,	WIT,	LOVE,
HONOUR,	EMULATION,	PRIDE,
NOBILITY,	CRITICISM,	&c.

III. The TRANSITORINESS of LIFE; DEATH;
RELIGION, &c.

Nosce te ipsum.

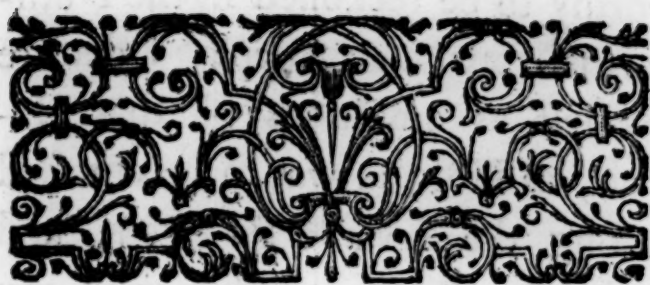
The proper Study of Mankind is MAN. POPE.

By PAUL HIFFERNAN, M.D.

LONDON:

Printed for G. WOODFALL, at the *King's-Arms*,
Charing-Cross. 1748. (Price 1 s. 6 d.)

RECEIVED
STOCK
PASSENGER
MAY



T O
COMMON SENSE.

Plain, Sincere, and Candid Sir,

THE Difficulty of finding a Patron, that would not be displeased at some of the following *Reflexions*, obliges me to have Recourse to THEE, thou great impartial Judge of all human Things.

If through any Merit of the following Essays, I may be thought
A 2 worthy

(iv)

worthy to be reckoned in the Number of your true Adepts, I declare my self as ambitious of that Honour, as HORACE was to be enrolled among the LYRIC POETS†, and with due Reverence subscribe my self

Your constant Votary,

P. H.

† *Si me Lyricis Vatibus inferes,
Sublimi feriam Sydera Vertice.*

HOR.

PRE-



P R E F A C E.

TO Perceive, and to Reflect, are the two great Ends of MAN. The former Article comprehends most ; but, alas, how few the latter ! We live in such a Hurry, that scarce any Time is left for Thought ; and of those who think, the greatest Part employ that Faculty on Things quite foreign to them. How many Gentlemen have grown old in collecting Shells, Ancient Coins, preserving Insects, &c. but never deign'd to bestow a Thought on their own Structure, or ever strove to unravel the secret Springs of their Heart, whose Inconsistencies must have often puzzled them.

I am far from decrying any Gentleman's devoting himself to particular Branches,
knowing

*knowing that to be the only efficacious Means
of advancing Arts and Sciences.*

*But I would humbly insinuate that the
Center to which all human Studies should tend,
Is a Knowledge of our selves *.*

*A short easy Chain of Reflections on our
Structure and Passions, is not perhaps unne-
cessary to diffuse so desirable a Study, and so
seldom pursued.*

*I pretend that the following Essays serve
but as Land-Marks to the Reader's Under-
standing, to point out to him the vast Field
for Reflection, so useful, and obvious every
Moment †.*

*Some will doubtless accuse me of Temerity,
to touch on the PASSIONS in general, a Task
already so masterly performed by the ingenious
YOUNG, LA BRUYERE, ROCHEFOU-
CAULT, and others. The readiest and truest
Answer is, I had a mind to write.*

If

* Man, know thyself, all Wisdom centers there.

YOUNG.

† My first Design was to give a cursory View of
Animal Oeconomy, but was dissuaded, and advised, to
confine myself to what is intelligible by all Capacities.

If we chance to think like those who have written before us, as is often unavoidable, the very Subject presenting the Thought, we are injudiciously branded with the odious Name of Plagiary; whereas a Likeness, or near approaching to eminent Men, in other Arts and Sciences, is next to the highest Merit; for who can think, or act like a great Man, but one blest with kindred Talents.

*Others assert, that nothing new can be said *, the common Text of Dunces, and a Proposition as false as general. This indeed may hold good in regard to cold Pilfering Scriblers; but such as are animated by a true Genius, will always find something new. And hence I assert, that among the Thousand other Proofs, the Infinity of the Creator is demonstrable from the various Lights, in which we can contemplate every Object.*

* Nil sub Sole novum.



CONTENTS.

FIRST SECTION.

On the STRUCTURE of MAN, Page 9

SECOND SECTION.

On the PASSIONS of MAN.

Introduction,	23
VANITY	25
GLORY,	26
HONOUR,	29
NOBILITY,	32
LEARNING,	38
WIT,	45
EMULATION,	52
CRITICISM,	56
FRIENDSHIP,	65
LOVE,	66
PRIDE,	70

THIRD SECTION.

Introduction,	76
<i>The</i> TRANSITORINESS of LIFE,	ib.
DEATH,	79
RELIGION,	81



FIRST SECTION.

ON THE STRUCTURE OF MAN.

THIS essential Difference is to be observed betwixt the Works of *God* and *Man*, the useful and ornamental are the Product of separate Views in the Performance of the *Latter*, but jointly part from the Hand of the *supreme Artificer*.

If *Galen* a *Pagan*, looked on himself dissecting a Cadaver, as singing a Hymn to the Praise of the Creator; a *Christian* Philosopher cannot think less nobly of himself, when he takes a Review of the human Structure actuated by the divine Particle, it's Soul.

Observe the upright Port, and graceful Mien, that speak him Lord of the Universe*.

B

The

* *Pronaque dum spectant animalia cætera terram,
Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

OVID.

The *Summit* of the noble Fabric, is shaded with useful ornamental Hair, which flowing in gentle Ringlets, have oft proved sufficient Chains to hold the proudest Heart enslav'd.

Underneath the *Fore-head* opens to our View, the Seat of Candour, Affability, and Truth. And is oft a just Image of the Mind.

The arched *Brows*, claim our Attention next, at the same Time that they hinder Sweat, and all falling Particles to molest the Eye, and by breaking the Rays of the Sun, render light more supportable and friendly, by the Aid of Muscles adapted to that Use, they are jointly with the Eye, unfolded into a Sense of Joy, or contracted into that of Discontent; and if we believe the poetical Gentry, in some, even Frowns have a peculiar Grace*; but the most pleasing Sight on Earth, is a beautiful Person, fixed in a graceful Attitude, affectionately smiling to an Object it loves.

By the *Eye*, which oft supplies Speech, and proves a powerful Advocate, we see the welcome Face of Kindred and of Friends, travel thro' all the Beauties of the Earth, and view the various Wonders of the Sky.

Behold the universal Face of Nature become desolate in Winter, Torrents shine thro' deluged Woods, and hurl Ruin o'er fertile Plains.

* *Lesbia dulce minans.*

Plains. See the white Tops of distant Hills,
Rivers stopt in chains of Ice, and Forests
bend beneath oppressive Snow *.

† But lo! the wish'd-for Spring appears.
The relenting Earth opens her Bosom to the
genial Rays of her returning Spouse, pours
forth her Infant Green, and crown'd with
the gay Variety of Flowers, smiles Joy and
Happiness around. What Pleasure to behold
the rising and the setting Sun, the many
colour'd Bow, whose vivid Dyes are the Pain-
ters Admiration and Despair, to view the
Moon with borrow'd Glory gild our Hemi-
sphere, or gaze enamour'd on the blue Vault,
animated by the silver Rays of Stars innumera-
ble.

A Sagacious BOYLE examines every Being,
pries into its Essence, interrogates the latent
Cause, and looks all Nature thro' with Eyes
of *Inquisition*. †

B 2

By

* *Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Seraeste, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes: gelæque
Flumina considerint acuto?*

HOR.

† *Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice veris, et Favoni.*

Idem,

† Robert Boyle, Esq; seventh Son to Richard Earl of
Corke, born at Lismore, one of the greatest Unravel-
lers of Nature, and foremost Honours of this Kingdom.
It must be said to the Praise of the noble Families of
that Name, that none deserves better of the Learned
World, for their distinguished Taste, elegant Perfor-
mances, and generous Protection to the Merit of
others.

By the *Ear* we receive all Pleasure elegant Oratory affords from the Bar and Pulpit, or pathetick Energy from the Stage, which forcing its way thro' the *Ear* to the *Heart*, teaches us the generous Passion to be mov'd at others Ills *.

Thro' this are convey'd to us the enchanting Modulations pour'd from a *Farinelli's* Throat. By the help of a nicely scrupulous *Ear* we are not only ravish'd with, but can even dissect all the variety of musical Sounds, which are justly said, to antedate the Bliss above.

The delicate Sentiment of the *Tongue* refuses whatever is disagreeable, and greedily adheres to that, whose pleasing Titilations flatter the Taste.

The *Tongue* is the chief Instrument of Speech, and may be called the grand Conveyancer of all our Thoughts.

Our wide-scenting watchful *Nose*, forbids us to approach Bodies whose noxious Particles fly around, and to seek those whose inviting Flavours tempt us forward.

The most universal Sense, and to which all may be reduced, is that of *Feeling*.

This appears in its highest Perfection in the join'd Hands of two long absent Friends, while with the vigorous Clasp they express their

* *Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere, suave est.*
LUCRET.

their mutual Joy, the congenial Spirits revel in each Nerve, and their long separated Souls embrace thro' every Pore.

The *Neck* may be looked on as an Isthmus, joining the Peninsula Head to the Continent Body; as its Inflexions are of wondrous Use in general, so in some are they remarkably graceful.

How oft is the Lover's dying Flame revived, at the transient Glimpse of the *Neck* of his Beloved.

Proceeding downward — In the Fair Sex, open to our View peculiar Ornaments, ours rapturedly admire, and which some of their amiable Possessors as prudently veil, as others industriously display, sensible of their superior Merit, and certain Conquests they are to make.

What comes next is the *Waist*, whose Merit to determine I abandon to the Taylor and Mantua-maker, as more adequate Judges than I pretend to be.

The particular Regard I have for the *Ladies* obliges me, in quality of a Physician, to make a Digression here in their Behalf, on what has been a long Time the Object of my Patriot Concern.

The mistaken Notion of setting off their Shapes to Advantage in these Kingdoms, seems as if, by girthing themselves so unmercifully, they studied to mar that Beauty Nature has so copiously lavished on them; for
in

in this pinion'd State they walk like moving Statues perpendicularly aukward.

But happy were this the only Inconvenience : It is not my private Opinion, but that of most Physicians, that the Death of many Ladies is hastened by this pernicious unbeautifying Custom.

The Body being in a forced unnatural State, the compressed Vessels influence the contained Fluids, and so disturb the whole Oeconomy of Circulation, whose Consequences, though not immediately felt, are oft the unsuspected Cause of many Diseases.

Another Article, equally prejudicial, is that of Wearing tight Shoes, and elevated Heels ; as the latter pitches the Weight of the Body on the Forepart of the Feet, and Toes : The former does to the Foot, what the Stays to the Waist.

I have heard the celebrated Anatomist Mr. *Winslow* in *Paris* say, that he had once in his Possession the Foot of an antique Lady, whose Heel was perched directly over her Toes ; the little Bones that compose that Part of the Foot, commonly called Instep, the Ligaments, Muscles, and Blood-Vessels, were all squeezed out of their natural Situation.

*Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works !*

ADDIS.

The

The good old Gentleman could not forbear smiling at the Remembrance of so grotesque a Figure.

This in Men, join'd to their other Debaucheries, is an excellent Preparation for the *Gout*.

In short, all fast binding of the Body, in whatever Part, is detrimental to Health.

The Beauty of a Lady's Person consists not in having an extraordinary small Waist, but in a due Proportion, and easy Movement of all the Parts.

There is a Medium from being squeezed almost to Death, or to swim in the loose Robes of a Slatern.

If it be pardonable in young Persons, who are favoured by Nature, to make an exactly nice Exhibition of their Shape ; it is a shocking Sight to see the close-pinch'd Rotundity of our elderly, large waisted, voluminous Dames.

The upper Extremity consists of the Shoulder, Fore-Arm, and Hand.

As it would prove too tedious to examine each, and unintelligible but to those conversant in Anatomy ; I will confine myself to the *Hand*, to whose Action the other two usefully and gracefully concur.

Most People *Write* ; but how few reflect on the Simplicity, Beauty, and Excellence of that expressive Art, by which we can communicate

municate our Thoughts to the remotest Parts of the World, and all succeeding Ages *.

The *Sculptor*, with his animating Chissel, rivals *Prometheus*, and without the Ignominy of stealing celestial Fire, calls stony Beings into Life.

See the creating *Pencil*, in a *Titian's* Hand, taint the Virgin Canvas with various Dyes, make Colours glow, and give even Pictures Thought.

The *Body* is raised on two Pillars, cut by a middle Motion at the Knee; they variously move as the Mind directs: While our Body remains supported by one, the other, advancing, changes its Situation, which remains firm in its Turn, and so alternately, till we reach the wish'd-for Point.

How surprizingly active are the *Feet*, what a Sympathy to keep Time with, and beat musical Measures.

The most graceful Situation of the Human Structure in moving, is, when two agreeable Persons perform a solemn Dance. Observe the noble unaffected Air, the easy Slide of the *Feet*, and flowing Movement of the Hands, with what attractive Force they spread

* *Mansuram rudibus Vocem signare Figuris.*

LUCAN.

- - - - Cet art ingenieux

De peindre les paroles, et de parler aux yeux,

Et par les traits divers de figures tracées

Donner de la couleur, et du corps aux pensées.

BREBEUF.

spread their Charms around, and gain an unforced Empire over willing Hearts!

This is the flourishing State of MAN. — If free from Læſion the conſtituent Parts of our Bodies could uninterruptedly perform their Office, we ſhould enjoy perpetual Health, and reach at Immortality.

But our perſhable Frame exiſts on ſuch delicate Contextures, and nice Dependencies, that inſtead of being amazed at the many Sickneſſes we are daily expoſed to, we ſhould rather admire how we can ſubſiſt ſo long.

In regard to the Digreſſion in Favour of the Ladies, I hope the Reader will indulge me this, relating to my Profeſſion.

MAN, ſince his Fall, is ſubject to Diſeaſes, Natural Inſtinct urged him to ſeek out Remedies; therefore *Phyſic* is cœval with the World.

Sacred Hiſtory mentions it as a Divine Emanation; and the *Profane* places the firſt great Phyſicians among their Gods.

The greateſt Men have dipped into it. — In the choſen Nation the PATRIARCHS, and in the *Pagan World* the ancient Heroes, Kings, Queens, &c. Two of the firſt we find mentioned by *Homer* at the Siege of *Troy*, PODALIRIUS and MACHAON, Sons

C

to

to ÆSCULAPIUS, the great Founder of this Art among the *Greeks* *.

The Art continued to acquire new Perfection through every Age, till barbarous Irruptions from the *North* deluged all *Europe*, and destroyed the *Arts* and *Sciences*, having no Relish for them, expelled them from their native Seats, and forced to seek for Shelter among the *Arabians*.

After a heavy Night of Ignorance, the wish'd-for Dawn at length appear'd.

As if animated with a Sense of Indignation at their long inglorious Repose, Sciences have made greater Advances since their happy Restoration, than from Time's Infancy to their fatal Eclipse: Like a pruned Tree, they have shot up with more Vigour.

But, alas! so limited is MAN, that all Arts have their Period, which once obtained, as in a full Tide, there is a short Pause, and then they as naturally dwindle away.

Most Sciences, but particularly *Physic*, by the indefatigable Labours of this and the last Age, seems to have reached its ultimate Perfection, and to be only stopped at those Secrets Providence intends never to reveal to us.

How Physicians, who (when deservedly so) claim the highest Esteem †, suffer thro' the

* ——— Ἄσκληπιός δ' οὐ πῦρ ἐστί,

Ἰντὴρ' αἰχμῶν, Περδελείῳ δ' ὁδὸν Μάκκων. HOMER.

† Honora MEDICUM, et impingua manum ejus.

the wrong Judgments of the Generality of Mankind.

It seems as if most People are angry with them, when ever guilty of a Cure, by dividing the Merit with the Nurse, and every trifling Incident.

The chance Recovery of a Patient, attended by a Person not regularly bred, is, with them, a Triumph over the Art.

Others sin in a contrary Extreme, by being angry with Physicians, and their Art, that they do not always cure ; and in so doing, forget they are *Men*, and not *GOD*, to dispense Life and Health as they please.

Physic is at best but the delicate Handmaid of Human Nature indisposed.

It has been often debated, whether *Wit* and *Polite Learning* be useful or prejudicial to those who embrace the Study of *Physic*.

The main Objection is, that Men of a sprightly Turn of Thought, and lively Imagination, can never break themselves to the Dryness to be met with in the constituent Parts of the Art, and Disagreeableness of its Practice.

However specious this Argument may seem, it is absolutely false.

The Aversion from Anatomy once conquered, what Study more alluring than that which teaches us to know our selves when in Health, and to be able to restore it when any way diminished.

Those who have nothing to recommend them, but a dry Knowledge of the Art, deserve but the Title of *Nurse - Doctors* *, knowing to prescribe but for the Body, and that in servilely treading the beaten Paths of those who have gone before them, incapable themselves of inventing any thing.

The chief Thing to be regarded in some Diseases, is the *Soul*, as principal Cause thereof, and where all our Apothecaries Magazines can furnish but little, or no Assistance ; when not — the *Soul's* being amused is often an effectual Ease to the distempered Body.

Where but in Authors of *Polite Literature* can we learn Humanity, and how to adapt ourselves to the different Tempers we have to deal with ? Where else learn to smoothe our Art, and Discourse, and by gaining the Patient's Confidence, circumvent his Reluctance to recover, and cheat him into Health ? And not prove like many Dishonours of the Art, whose ill-natured Approach, rude Speech, and unpolite Behaviour, become a second Disease worse than the former.

To avoid launching into a tedious Disquisition I cut short, by remarking † APOLLO, Patron of *Physic*, was also that of *Music* and *Poetry*. By this fabulous Emblem it appears how

* *Merus Medicus, merus Asinus.*

† *Quaecunque herba potens ad opem, radixque medendi
Utilis in toto nascitur orbe, mea est.* OVID.

how requisite Antiquity thought a Consociation of the politer Arts for a *Physician*.

HIPPOCRATES was equally famed for his Eloquence, as for his Skill in the Healing Art *.

In CELSUS, the most famous among the *Latins*, we scarce know which preferably to admire, the Usefulness of his Precepts, or the uncommon Elegance of his Style.

Modern *Italy* at the same time that she acknowledges FRACASTORIUS's Eminence in Physick, compares his *Latin* Poetry † to that of SANNAZARIUS.

REDI is as much esteemed by the *Italian* Wits, for the Productions he has left; as by the Physical World, for his Medicinal Essays.

France, among many of her ingenious Sons, saw these happy Talents shine in none more conspicuously, than in the late SILVA; of whom it was said, his Company was a most powerful *Recipe*, and oft cured his Patients ‡.

In *Holland*, what Man vers'd more in the Circle of polite Learning than BOERHAAVE, the great Restorer of Physick.

To

* *Vir Arte, et Facundiâ insignis.*

CELS.

† *Syphilis.*

‡ *Malade, et dans un lit de douleur accablé,*

Par l'éloquent Silva vous êtes consolé,

Il sçait l'Art de Guérir, autant de l'Art de Plaire.

VOLTAIRE.

To return homeward for *Scotland* and *England*, we find ARBUTHNOT, GARTH, FRIEND, &c. famed for their ingenious Talents, and polite Literature.

In this City *, such late was HELSHAM, honour'd with SWIFT' sEsteem; who, by the Accotnts of all who knew him, was to the Dignity of the Word, a true Son of APOLLO.

I here cite but a few, for Thousands; and, to avoid causing any Jealousy, make no mention of the many living Ornaments of the Art.

What is here advanced, methinks, sufficiently proves, that it may be received for a Maxim, *Wit* and *polite Learning* are to a *Physician*, what *Gilding* is to a *Pill*; they render tolerable to the uneasy Patient, Things disagreeable in their Nature.

* *Dublin.*



SECOND SECTION.

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT we have treated of in our *First Section*, regards the Corporeal Part of Man, which, like all other Bodies, in the opinion of some ancient Philosophers, is composed of the four Elements, *Earth, Water, Air* and *Fire*: To whose various Combinations all Bodies owe their Difference in Consistence and Figure.

For, according to their System, their first Parent Matter condenses into *Earth*, flows in *Water*, spins out into *Air*, and flames in elemental *Fire*.

Modern Philosophy founded on just Experiments, tho' of a quite different way of thinking, is perhaps as far distant from the first *Stamina* of Things.

Our noble and immortal Part, the Soul, knows none of these. We know her, tho' we can't so well define. We feel her Effects, tho' unseen the Agent. To call her
Existence

Existence into question, would be as absurd, as to doubt of that of the Air, of which we are daily convinced, tho' we can never see.

From the outward Actions of the Body, excited by the different Passions, we penetrate into their Origin the Soul.

What the blending of Colours does in a Picture, that of the Passions does in Man. Our Characters differ, as they variously predominate.

All our Passions, virtuous or vicious, start from one common Principle, *the ever restless Desire of bettering our present State*; and to compensate in some manner, that which we have implicitly fallen from in our first Father *Adam*. We see it thro' Clouds, and natural Instinct prompts us to pursue it.

The vicious are those who employ mistaken Means; the virtuous, who follow the right Way.

As all erroneous Passions fall collectively under the Denomination of *Vanity*, I thence begin the following Chain of Reflections.

VANITY.

V A N I T Y.

Vanity of Vanities, and all is Vanity.

THIS undoubted Truth was not pronounced by the *Cynic* *, from his Tub; hooded Friar, in a Convent; or, sequester'd Hermit, in his Grot; but by *Solomon*, the most accomplish'd of Mankind.

Having deserted the Altar of the true God, he abandoned himself to Women, Idolatry, and all worldly Enjoyments.

Vice courted him in her flattering Variety of Drefs. Pleasure danc'd before him Night and Day. All enjoy'd, what a horrid Void remain'd!

As in the surfeiting of his unsatisfied Heart, he from the Throne look'd down on all Pleasure human Grandeur can afford, he broke indignant her enchanting Fetters that kept him so long enthrall'd, and repudiating the idle Phantom, returned to the only Fountain of true Joy, and with a penitent Heart cried aloud—*All is Vanity.*

If *Solomon*, whom Monarchy render'd Master to possess whatever he desir'd, and one of

D

the

* *Diogenes.*

the finest Imaginations ever Man was blest with, conspir'd to delude him, by shewing each Object in the most captivating Light, remain'd thus eminently discontent, what can we groffer Wretches propose to our selves?

Give to Animals their proper Food, and Ease; they have no farther Views; there their Happiness ends.

'Tis Man alone can find nothing in this World, that can satisfy the Immensity of his Desires; an obvious convincing Proof of his being designed for a nobler End.

G L O R Y.

IN the general Acceptation of the Word, particularly regards the *Military Gentlemen*; whose Merit transcends, as they are more ingenious than others in inventing Schemes to destroy their own Species; to carry Desolation into Provinces; and drown in Tears, the Eyes of the childless Parent, Widow, and Orphan.

When they rise to rescue their Country from Oppression (as in the late Commotion), then are they the Hand of Virtue, armed with the Sword of Justice.

When,

When otherwise, as but too commonly happens, how more justly may they be compared to a spreading Fire devouring all it meets; to an impetuous Torrent bearing down before it the innocent and guilty, in one common Ruin.

For my part, I have always rank'd War in the Class of *epidemic* Maladies, sent from Above to punish Nations.

The *military Gentlemen* may be figuratively called the *Game-Cocks* of Society, for both which *England* has been always famous.

But I perceive some old Gentlemen shake their Heads, and say, that was formerly true; but that the *Marlborough* Breed is now almost extinct.

Patience, grave Sirs! 'tis strongly hoped, that from the illustrious Example of him, whom every Tongue proclaims a Hero, a new Race of Mortals more glorious than the former will arise.

What always appeared to me somewhat odd, is, after a compleat Victory, to see the Conquerors rush to the Altars, their Hands still smoaking with *Christian* Blood, and sing Thanksgiving to the Lord, for having murdered Thousands of honest Men, the Support Families, and Ornament of Society. Whom (so far from being offended by) they had never known. And all to content some whimsical Pique, or criminal View of an ambitious Prince.

If any Species of Beasts were guilty of this destructive Heroism to each other*, how diffusely should we exclaim against so horrid a Proceeding? Would there not be pious *Crusadas* † commanded by all *Christian* Princes to eradicate such barbarous Animals?

The *passive Obedience* preached to us by some Gentlemen, not to examine our Prince's Motive for going to War, whether just or otherwise, puts us, methinks, too much on the level with Beasts. For, in so doing how do we differ from Dogs, that, when excited by their sportive Masters, without any Enquiry, fly unmercifully at each other.

Ambitious Princes may be look'd on as desperate Gamesters, the World their Stake, and Mankind the Cards they play with.

Were all the crown'd Heads in *Europe* assembled to pass an Evening together, 'tis very probable their Conversation might not be very instructive or entertaining.

How must it move a *Cynic's* Spleen, to think that on the regular, or disturbed Motion of their animal Spirits, depends the Happiness or Misery of Nations, and too often of Men, much better than themselves.

What a heavy Charge have Kings and their Ministers to answer in the great decisive Day?

Thrice

* *Neque hic Lupis mos, nec fuit Leonibus
Unquam, nisi in dispar, feris.*

HOR.

† Wars instituted by Christian Princes to recover the Holy Land from the Infidels.

Thrice happy, who, content with a modest Competency and an humble State, disdain Ambition and her Train of glittering Torments*.

H O N O U R

IS a fine Word, little understood, and most commonly misapplied.

According to some, if a Man affront us, 'tis to run our Sword thro' his Body.

With others, for Hire, to present ourselves seemingly undaunted to a Cannon Ball.

Not to fear Death, is the most stupid Insensibility ever Man was curst with, and is so far from being praise-worthy, that an *Automat* can be made a more honourable Thing than Man, by being so mounted, as to march towards a Battery of Cannon, with a greater Shew of Intrepidity, and doubtless, less Sense of Danger.

To fight immediately after an Injury received, is perhaps pardonable, being the first Motion of irritated Nature. Besides, a Man in this Age is obliged thereto, to insure his own Quiet, so tyranniz'd are we by Custom; otherwise,

* ————— *Bene est cui Deus obtulit
Parcâ, quâd satis est, manû.*

otherwise, every impudent Rascal will industriously insult, and make him serve as their vaulting Post to spring into the Character of a *fighting Man*; the highest Ambition of your outward Bullies, but interior Cowards. Who would chearfully hazard a Duel, at the Expence of the greater Part of their Blood, could they have a previous Insurance of their Recovery, to become in consequence the Hero of every Assembly they appear in; and, like a *Victor-Cock*, let no other Suitor approach their beloved Female.

Poor Machines, what Anxieties they undergo, to catch at a Shadow!

I have heard of one of those moving Vegetables who never dared to look a real Man in the Face, till a Bit of Lead shatter'd a Corner of his veteran Hat. But from that Instant this new-born Son of Terror scarce spoke of ought but Sword, Pistols, Blunderbuss, and Thunder.

Man, from the Moment he resolves to fight a Duel, is guilty of Manslaughter and Suicide, and every Step he takes thereto, are so many Repetitions of the horrid Deed.

But the great Objection is, if I don't answer a Challenge I shall be deem'd a Coward; yes, by Fools—And pray, which is preferable, to be thought indifferently of by the truly contemptible Part of Mankind, from whom to dissent is a Merit; or to fly unsummon'd before the high Tribunal of an angry God,
and

and there receive the Sentence of eternal Re-
probation *.

Affronts in the Eyes of the Judicious, recoil
on the Aggressor; as a Proof of his ill Beha-
viour, and Want of Education.

That the manner of being slain should re-
flect Honour on the murder'd, or Murderer,
is to me tragically ridiculous.

A Man kill'd by the Blow of a Stick is
dead in the strongest Significancy of the Word,
as well as he who has been honourably per-
forated with a Sword or Ball.

Why should a Bit of Lead or three-cor-
ner'd Piece of Iron, be thus injuriously pre-
ferr'd to our eldest Companions, and constant
ready Friends, our Hands?

Why should it dishonour to attack, or de-
fend one's self with that Hand, whose grace-
fully presenting itself to a Lady, gains its Pro-
prietor no small Reputation?

If in Fighting, as in other Articles of Pre-
heminence, Antiquity were to decide, I look
on natural Boxing to have been the eldest of
the offensive Arts.

The effectual Way to put an End to Duel-
ling, would be to exile from polite Company,
all guilty of this romantick Phrenzy; and
oblige

* Betray'd by *Honour*, and compel'd by Shame,
They hazard being, to preserve a Name:
Nor dare enquire into the dread Mistake,
'Till plung'd in sad Eternity they wake.
STEEL's *Conscious Lovers*.

oblige them, for the Good of Society, to wear a Badge, with this Inscription

———*Cornu ferit ille, caveto.* VIRG.

FALSTAFF's Speech on *Honour* in HENRY the Fourth, ludicrous as it is, must to a thinking Reader excite many serious Reflections.

True *Honour* consists in protecting the Innocent distress'd, in brow-beating the Haughty, Vain and Unworthy; in producing hidden Merit to Light; and, to conclude with the Words of a *Pagan*, by adhering to Truth, and doing good, imitate as near as we can, the *Source of all honourable Thoughts*.

N O B I L I T Y

IS a Thing barely titular, and exists but in the Covenant of Nations to recompence extraordinary Merit, and adorn it with Marks of Distinction.

To think it is inherent in the Blood, and that Parents transmit it to their Children, is too idle a Notion to be seriously refuted.

Those who have studied the Structure of Man, often find the Peasant's more perfect than that of a Prince, and his Blood more noble in a physical Sense,———*Educations all.*

The

The haughty *Lewis* of *France* bred from his Infancy on the Mountains of *Dauphiny*, would be a meer Peasant,—as he, who is now a poor Wretch on the said Mountains, had he been, from his Birth, brought up in Purple at *Versailles*, would sit easy under Royalty, and be the Grand Monarque.

The Reason why we actually do, and ought to esteem noble Families, is, the Veneration we have for the many Services rendered to the Country by the great Men who first gave Rise to them : And the Hopes that their Descendants will be always inspired with Notions of emulating their Predecessors glorious Actions ; which if they do, claims a Continuation of our Respect ; as by an ignominious Neglect thereof, they justly fall into Contempt *.

But those, who according to new Heraldry, come at *Titles* through base Means, as betraying the publick Trust, selling their Country, and other vile modern Methods, deserve this Salutation from every honest Man :

TITLES ill acquir'd, with your LORD-
SHIP'S Leave,
Damn you to Courts, and brand you for a
KNAVE.

E

The

* *Thy Father's Merit sets thee up to View,
And shews thee in the fairest Point of Light
To make thy Virtues, or thy Faults, conspicuous.*

ADDISON.

The DECII, FABII, SCIPIOS, CÆSARS, POMPEYS, were all the spurious Breed of ravish'd SABINES, by a Pack of *Vagabonds* ROMULUS mustered together.

In the Time of the *Roman Republick*, what were (could we trace up in a direct Line) the *Men* from whom descend the reigning Families in *Europe*?

Perhaps we should find some of them (for the most Delicate must allow, their *Progenitors* then existed) in the lowest Employments; as in a like Condition some of the Descendants of the abovementioned Chiefs of *Rome*, do daily Drudgery among us.

It is not reasonable to believe, the Race of all those great Families entirely extinct—of their Descendants, now; as of the *Progenitors* of the present, reigning Families, then; nothing is known.

THEODORE'S Scheme in *Corfica* was laugh'd at, because unsuccessful; but had he been sufficiently back'd, like other crown'd Adventurers, his Person, by this Time, would be one of the LORD'S ANOINTED *.

What Kings are in great, with regard to the extending of their Power; their Subjects are, *in parvo*, in making plentiful Fortunes.

Let

* *A Flourish, Trumpets; strike Alarm, Drums:
Let not the Heav'ns hear these tell-tale Women
Rail on the LORD'S ANOINTED.*

SHAKESP. Rich. III.

Let any one reflect on what he is To-day, what the Man a thousand Years ago, from whom he lineally descends, might have been, and the numerous Changes happened down to him. Let him likewise reflect, that the Person who is to descend from him two hundred Years hence, may, perchance, rise to the Top of Fortune's Wheel; and, by being a successful Villain, become absolute Master over his late Equals.

'Tis with our Fortunes, as with the constituent *Stamina* of the World, an eternal Revolution; now a precious Gem, now common Dirt; now a Beggar, now a King.

It is pretty remarkable, that in two far distant Parts of the World, two very ingenious and powerful Nations are governed by Foreigners; the CHINESE, by a Race of TARTARS; the ENGLISH, by a GERMAN Family*.

How absurd are the Judgments of Mankind in general concerning *Nobility*!

The Man, who by his superior Talents, or singular Service rendered to his Country, starts from Obscurity into deserved Titles, we partly despise; and, by an innate Envy, still keep his Origin in View.

E 2

But

* ————— *Valet Inna Summis*
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus
Obscura promens. Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna, cum stridore acuto
Sustulit: hic posuisse gaudet.

Hor.

But greatly honoured will be any Coxcomb, who two hundred Years after can prove himself descended from him, though through a direct Line of Unworthies, and not possessed of an Article belonging to him, but his Lands; a Task any Blockhead can fulfil.

This is esteeming the rotten *Branches*, and injuriously contemning the venerable *Trunk*, whence they have degenerately sprung.

If those born in noble Houses, by inheriting all the great Qualities of their Founders, deserve our Esteem; pray, is it not a Debt their Families have contracted with the Publick?

How much more valuable is he, who, owing nothing to publick Expectation, rescues himself from Nothingness, *creates his own Nobility*, and shines to the Eyes of the World, in the unborrow'd Lustre of PERSONAL MERIT *.

In *France* a great Number of *venal Sinecures Nobilitate*. An excellent Scheme of the *French Court* to get the Money of fortunate Fools.

In that Nation the *Military State* is highly honoured; but the *Mercantile*, derogatory and condemn'd.

Which

* *Les Mortels sont egaux, ce n'est point la Naissance,
C'est la Seule vertu, qui fait leur Difference.
Il est de ces Esprits favorisés de Cieux,
Qui sont Tout par eux memes, et Rien par leurs
ayeux.* VOLTAIRE.

Which ought to be more noble in the Eye of a thinking Man, an *Officer* flourishing in his Hand a withered Stick, mounting Guard, fauntering in a Coffee-house, picking his Teeth, and criticising the Passers by; or, a *Merchant* whose Orders are obey'd from *East* to *West*, who unites divided Worlds by the Intercourse of the different Commodities of Nations.

What honest Joy to view his richly-freighted Ship enter the Harbour, in all her sprightly Trim! each languid Sailor reviv'd at his Approach, as that of a *Divinity*, express his Welcome with repeated Shouts of Joy, drown'd in the Cannon's louder Roar.

LAWYERS and PHYSICIANS don't escape much better, for though they are not in a degraded State in the Eye of the Law, they are so in the Esteem of the People.

The *French* Ladies and Gentlemen pronounce the Term signifying PHYSICIAN in their Language, with such a nauseated Turn of the Lip, as if the Word itself were a Puke*.

However ridiculous these Notions may seem to us, they serve the the *French King's* politick Ends. For had he not entail'd a Cast of Infamy on the useful and truly *noble* Professions, by making them the Inheritance of the Plebeian Order of his Kingdom, he could not have such an unoccupied Mob of Nobles and Gentry, ready to have their Brains knock'd

* *Monsieur le Medicin.*

knock'd out on every trifling Occasion, and at very reasonable Rates.

L E A R N I N G

IS another Passion of MAN, to raise himself high in the Opinion of others.

As this Byas of the Mind actuates its Possessors, they are the most valuable, or despicable, of the human *Species*.

Some Men *learn*, neither to be useful, or agreeable in Society, but to know more than the common Run of Mankind, that they may affect a ridiculous Superiority over others.

Let us examine the Basis of this pedantick Vanity ?

Is it for understanding the ancient Languages? when they flourished, the meanest Person in their respective Nations spoke them.

Is it for retaining Events past two thousand Years ago ? Millions then living knew them, and more exactly, as they concerned them nearly : Not like some of our *modern Learned*, who, ignorant of the present Interests of *Europe*, can unravel all Antiquity.

To know many Facts, which have lately happened in *Europe* (and which some are so careless about) may, perhaps, be profound Learning five hundred Years hence.

One

One Class of the *learned* World grows into Fame by Accident, and owes its second-hand Existence to others Wit, as Shadows follow Bodies.

These plodding Dunces, like heavy Drones, prey on the Honey of the industrious Bee. Their Art consists in whelming the Sallies of some ingenious Writer, under a Heap of their flegmatick, ill-digested Rubbish.

What numerous Passages transcribed to prove the Name of a *Rock*, *Promontory*, or *ancient Village* ! What murdering Quotations to restore an *E*, or an *I*, to its imaginary Right !—and all this is not done in a View of doing the Author in question any Justice, but to shew how much they have read, and I add, to how unprofitable an End.

To shew the Strength, Wit, and Excellence of Authors, is what true *Commentators* should aim at, but is generally above the clouded Sphere of those who meddle therein.

How many of those crawling Insects pride more in torturing out a, perhaps false, Meaning of a Line in VIRGIL, than the immortal Poet did for all his Works ?

The Class that comes next in Merit to *Commentators* are *Translators*, who, like People in Marriage, taking their Author for better for worse, fondly assert him to have been the best ever wrote, and that, by the by, as a Proof of their own Taste.

Thus

Thus have I seen a Preface to a *French Translation* of SALLUST, full as long as the Work, to prove him a better Historian than LIVY.

Some Men would be esteemed *learned*, because they read every Book,—this is very much to be doubted.

Learning may be thus defin'd:—To attentively read the good Authors only, see what deserves to be seen, and reflect sufficiently on both.

Learning is *local*, and *real*.

LOCAL LEARNING consists in reading and remembring, that is, to be the Cask of another Man's Sense, and, as Occasion taps, to readily let flow, sometimes genuine, sometimes adulterated, as more or less influenced by the containing Vessel.

TRUE LEARNING is the Offspring of solid Reflexion on what we have studied. It is our own, our darling Child, and is as much different from what we have read, as differs the Food we actually take in at our Mouth from its more refin'd and exalted State, when whitening in our Forehead, and blushing in our Cheek.

Others lay a Claim to LEARNING by an affected Silence in Company, supercilious Countenance, a Difficulty of Conceiving the most easy Things, which they seemingly reflect on with an earnest Eye, and, after long plodding, perhaps deign to nod a scanty Approbation,

probation, in all the contracted Majesty of Dulness.

It is far more amiable to be politely ignorant, than an ostentatious Book-worm.

The Gentlemen studious of *Nature*, by blindly adhering to any System, despise as Asses all who dissent from their Opinion.

I humbly move, If in his Time ARISTOTLE was not believed to have reached the utmost Stretch of human Reason, who would then, and for more than twenty Centuries dare think otherwise.

In the last Age CARTESIUS rose, and put an end to ARISTOTLE's long philosophic Reign, to rule but a short Time himself.

NEWTON has since dethroned CARTESIUS, and who knows the Period of his Glory? This by all zealous NEWTONISTS will be turned into Ridicule, and I looked on as an *Arch-Heretic* in PHYSICS. His Experiments I revere, and do but glance at his general System.

In all Arts and Sciences there is a *Punctum quo non plus ultra*, which attained we stop; stretching farther go mad, or through Negligence dwindle into our primitive Ignorance.

What should greatly humble the Pride of the *Learned* is, that their most useful Instruments owe their Birth to Chance, as the TELESCOPE, &c. — PRINTING was unknown to the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

May not System-Builders in *Physics* be compared to an idle *Apothecary* prattling on the secret Springs of Government, or a *Cobler* torturing his poor Brain, about what passes in the Cabinets of Princes?

For my Part I see so many Revolutions in *Natural Philosophy*, and am sensible how limited the Mind of Man is, when prying into the Mechanism of Creation, that I study with Caution the most plausible System, always ready to quit it, and embrace a more convincing; not like some veteran Block-heads who obstinately persist in Error, rather than unlearn false Doctrine, or be taught by their Youngers.

From this or some kindred Cause, the *Spaniards*, a People naturally ingenious, are in the heaviest Night of Ignorance in *Physics*.

In that Nation, to even dare to think, is to be deemed a Heretic by some.

They do not universally believe the *Circulation* of the Blood; and when transplanted into more knowing Regions, with the peculiar Phlegm of their Country, doubt even of *Demonstration*.

I knew a *Spanish Gentleman* in *Montpellier*, who to all HARVEY's Experiments, that leave not a Loop to hang a Doubt on,* gravely replied, — *Est quidem probabile, sed non credo*.

Their

* *Shakespeare*.

Their philosophical Tracts are filled with the most unintelligible Jargon ever sprung from mortal Head. And indeed, what else can be expected from a People, naturally sagacious, who refuse to take undeceiving Experiments for guide.

SCHOOL PHILOSOPHY is Common Sense's irreconcilable Foe, as Dulness is that of Wit, and Uglinefs that of Beauty.

Those who grow old in this Madness of Learning, eternally tickling their Ears with *Logical Quibbles*, find themselves as much advanced at the last Day, as at their first setting out : Like a Bird in a Cage, hung round with Bells, that charmed with the Noise still clambers on. — Alas, poor Bird, in vain you climb, in vain you toil, you'll ne'er advance, and all your jingling Joy is but empty Sound.

To reason right — let the contending Parties first agree in the Definition of what they are going to argue about, [which would prevent many a Dispute] and instead of hunting after Subterfuges, attentively listen to what is advanced, diligently compare the Weight of each Argument, then cheerfully assent to what seems most convincing. And not dissonantly bawl, for bawling-sake, like the unphilosophic Roarers of the Schools, which has justly excluded them from all rational Society, and ranked them beneath Contempt.

Most Men who give *Oral*, or *Written* Instruction, are equally faulty ; the former in wearing out Years, for what could be done in a few Months ; the latter for spinning out into Volumes, what could be couched in a few Pages.

The ingenious *Simplifiers* of Arts and Sciences are of more Service to Mankind, than their *learnedly abstruse Inventors* : As the *Application* of a witty Saying often rivals the *Invention*.

I have known some heteroclite Adepts in *Learning*, who boldly refused to acquiesce in any Experiment made by their Predecessors ; and resolved to begin all a-new. In so doing they acted like an Heir to a plentiful Fortune, who, to owe no Obligation to his Family, would throw it away, buoyed up by the whimsical Hopes of acquiring another equal to it.

I would advise all [vulgarly called] Philosophers, to speak of the Supreme Being with proper Reverence, nor to so despotically limit his Power. Nothing more disagreeable, than to hear our *School Smarts* confidently assert, GOD *can't do this*, GOD *can't do that*. One would think they were speaking of something material.

Tho' what we say be true, according to our confined Notion of Things, it is making too free with the Divinity, who gives us to think, and every other Faculty. For what
are

are we poor Wretches but as he pleases?
He in a Moment can confound our Thoughts,
make *Black* appear *White*, and make a
Square look *Round*.

W I T

AND BEAUTY are equally hard to be defined, as they differ in the Eye of each Examiner.

The *One* is as much hunted after by ours, as the *Other* is studied by the Fair Sex; not but the latter is often adorned with both.

How many would rather be deemed **WITTY**, and a little knavish, than honest, and plainly sensible.

In *England* this Passion does not rage so universally, as in *France*; where they mean several things by the Word *Esprit*, and say, or act what you will, you are still complimented on that Head. Its proper Boundaries cannot easily be determined. But the most low Application of it, is to those who speak incessantly, tho' devoid of any other Merit.

Our Pauses and Intervals in Discourse, which justly happen, the Subject exhausted, they look on as Marks of Dulness, asserting that

that a Man of Wit has always something to say *.

French Conversation, in general, is as superficial, as polite; and from which a Man carries off more an Air of the gay World, than a Nobleness of Thought, the Product of solid Reflection.

It is with *English* WIT, as *English* RICHES: The latter is as lavishly expended without Taste, as the Overflowing of the former is seldom checked by Decency or Art.

In *France*, as in shallow Rivers, we often meet with unexpected Depths. *Europe* boasts not fonder Heads, than their thinking few, who seem designed by Nature as Magazines of Sense for the rest of the Nation.

English Sense is like ancient Oracles, coming from Wooden Statues.

The gay gilded *Exterior*, and sprightly Air of the *French*, is frequently joined to a total Void *Within*.

What Pity it is that the former does not proceed from more elegant Lodgings, and that the latter pretty Things scarce ever think.

These Reflexions regard but the Generality of both Nations. For the polite *English*, and sensible *French*, stand the foremost of Mankind.

The

* *Un homme d'esprit a toujours de quoi dire.*

The *French* in general appreciate Things better than we do, and can in many Articles retort on us the Reproach of Levity, we have stigmatized them with. In their Diversions they are far more rational, decent, and regular; and not a Jot inferior to us in *Genius*, in spite of what several pilfering Dunces in *London* have bombastically asserted, in their *Truly English*, that is, most impudent Prefaces.

In my Opinion WIT may be thus defined — A quick, happy Conception of whatever can be said on the started Subject, seconded by a just Faculty of chusing, conveyed in an apt, and elegant Expression, whether in Speaking or Writing.

Some Men appear *Witty* in Conversation, and shew themselves to be horribly dull, when they attempt to write. Others the Reverse *. Happy he who shines in both.

The Merit of the first mostly consists in a graceful Mein, pleasing Utterance, and many concomitant Graces, which enliven when spoken,

* The great *Corneille* was a remarkable Instance of this, as appears by the following Account of himself, in a Letter to the ingenious Monsieur *Pelison*.

*En matiere d'amour je suis fort inegal,
 J'en ecris assez bien, et le fais assez mal;
 J'ay la Plume feconde, et la Bouche sterile,
 Bon gallant au Theatre, et fort mauvais en Ville.
 Et l'en peut rarement m'ecouter sans ennuï,
 Que quand je me produis par la bouche d'autrui.*

spoken, what divested thereof, would betray its native Flatness.

There are nevertheless People really *Witty* in Speech, and quite contrary if they write. This may be compared to wandering Fires, that dance to our Eye by Night ; if by too nearly approaching, we compress the Sphere they live in, they instantly vanish.

True *Wit*, like Gold, is ductile *in infinitum*, and covering all, appears alone.

It is with fine Imaginations, as with rich Mines, both give their Excellence to what passes through them.

To strain after *Wit* is vile, nauseous, and abominable. It should naturally rise with the Subject ; but the Subject be never tortured to it *. In a Word, Art is the Looking-Glass of Nature.

As a misunderstood Desire of Riches makes many Knaves, so that of *Wit* many Coxcombs.

False *Wits*, like sickly Bodies, the more you nourish them, the worse they grow.

As the most healthy Bodies have some Part remarkably weak, so the soundest *Wits* have their *Foible*.

The

* *Grandis, et ut dicam, pudica oratio, non est maculosa, nec turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exurgit.*

The most *Witty* are sometimes guilty of Dulness †; and the most heavy sometimes deviate into Smartness.

What so amiable in Society, as a true good natured *Wit*, who makes his superior Talents subservient to the Instruction, and Pleasure of others, seeming himself inferior to all.

On the contrary, the greatest Burlesque on the most perfect of God's Creatures, MAN, is a Pair of your tilting *Wits*, sputtering their ingenious Impertinence at each other in every Company, to shine at their mutual Prejudice *.

There is another kind of *Wit* which deserves public Censure, as it springs from an ill-natured Source; that is, the Class of mistaken *Satyrists*, whose criminal Merit, and Delight, arise from other People's Uneasiness; and is no way warrantable, but when the public Interest betrayed, Morality cried down, all Respect for Superiors, and those constituted in Power thrown aside, or other kindred Circumstances, provoke *Satire's* severest Lash.

But what has any impudent rhyming Scoundrel to do with a private Family's Failings,

G

ings,

† — *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*

HOR.

* *Contending Wits become the Sport of Fools.*

POPE.

ings, or Misfortune, to make them a Butt for public Laughter, or Contempt.

How unmanly is it to call a Blush into a Woman's Face, and triumph in her Incapacity of answering?

An unfortunate Author is those Gentlemen's chief Game.

As we are obliged to good Writers for the Instruction, and Pleasure they procure us, so ought we to compassionate the unsuccessful, at least for meaning so to do. For no one ever wrote purposely to tire, or displease his Reader. And even here the profest *Satyrists* miss their Aim. For the most lasting, and bitter *Satire* ever published against a bad Writer, are his own Works. So that to feloniously limp after Fame, by attacking Men in this unhappy Circumstance, is to me as ridiculous, as is in the Play, *Sir John Falstaff's* Stabbing *Hot-spur* already slain.

Scurrilous *Satire* is the lowest Claim to WIT, as the meanest of People can rail, and scold, and often more energetically, than some of the versifying Rabble. It dishonours all genteel Education, and quite degrades the Man.

The true *Satyrist* is he, who shews Failings in such a Light, that the Person attack'd can't forbear Smiling; all else is Street-Work.

With Concern I reflect, that some of our greatest *Wits* have given a kind of Sanction to what I here condemn, by listening too much

much to a splenetic Temper, and personal Enmity, which has not at all added to their otherwise undisputed Fame.

It is with *Satyrists* in the ill-natured Sense, however excellent, as with Fellows pelting Dirt. Tho' the greater Part hit their Antagonists, a Part still recoils on the Thrower.

Let him who would write *Satire*, and justly merit Praise, read HORACE, BOILEAU, YOUNG'S *Universal Passion*, and study LA BRUYERE,

WIT, when not fixed by Judgment, is apt to evaporate, or sublime into Madnefs.

How short a great many fall of their Expectations from being in Company with the Ingenious, persuaded before-hand that their every Phrase must be so many Squibs of *Wit*. But after, greatly disappointed, cry out, O Lord! is that what you call a *WIT*? Why he speaks just as I do. He says White is White; and Black is Black. True — and that Simplicity of Speech is a Merit.

E M U L A T I O N

IS a Passion peculiar to the *Mercurial* Part of Mankind, and is the Spring of all laudable Actions within proper Bounds. Pushed too far it degenerates into Jealousy, the worst of Plagues the Breast of Man was ever infected with; as it is a Repining at our Neighbour's Welfare, and Rejoicing at his Ruin. People actuated by this hellish Spirit are a just Resemblance of their great Prototype LUCIFER, smiling at ADAM's Fall.

What Pity it is that some of the most Ingenious have not been free from this Contagion, and have but too strongly confirmed the Sentiment of [in Works of WIT] our less fallible than *Rome's* mitred POPE*.

I have known a Gentleman send a commendatory Poem to his Friend on his Works, in the Morning, and in the Evening hear him criticized with a secret Joy, or so weakly defend, as to implicitly approve all the Objections.

We are, in general, pleased at our Friends having Merit, not to be thought to give our Friendship to the unworthy; and even here

we

* All luckless Wits our Enemies profess,
And all successful jealous Friends at best.

POPE.

we have a Retrospection to ourselves. But how readily do we cry out against his having too much, lest he should get the Start of us.

Hence the tacit Pleasure in hearing him censured *. We ingeniously turn all Faults ascribed to him to our own Advantage, and look on them as so many new acquired Degrees of Superiority over him. For we are always complaisant enough, to think ourselves clear of those Faults we hear our Friend condemned for.

In short, we care not how great our Friend's Merit be, so we can still keep before him. Nay, rather than come to a Rupture, grant us by way of Precedence but the Breadth of a Geometrical Line, and we are satisfied. — *Vain, restless MAN!*

The View of Authors praising each other is double; *direct* and *indirect*. The *direct*, to salute the complimented; and the *indirect*, to merit equal Praise for the witty Manner it is conveyed in; which latter Motive has given Rise to more *Parnassian* Incense than the former. For your *Panegyrist*s, in Imitation of the Geometricians, maintain, that in Praising, the Angle of *Reflection* ought to be equal to the Angle of *Incidence*.

A mean, trivial way of preferring ourselves to another, is to give the Preference
over

* ——— *Tacitum pertinent gaudia Pectus.*
VIRG.

over him to a third Person, universally allowed to be inferior to us.

ADDISON, and other first-rate Wits, being somewhat guilty of this poor Finesse, demonstrate the Weakness of Human Nature. — *But GOD alone is perfect.*

Some are foolishly astonished, that such great Men should have Faults; and I would be more so, if, as Men*, they had none. — *The SUN has its Spots.*

The mentioning ADDISON recalls to mind a Remark, which indeed, not I alone have made. Why so great a Man, in a Nation like *England*, chose for Subject of a Tragedy, CATO, guilty of Suicide, and set him up as the Standard of Human Nature. Is it not patronizing and tacitly preaching it? and I fear has strongly operated. His Friends may plead for his Excuse, the Precedent of two of the first, and one of the second Class of the ancient Poets †.

MAR-

* *Summi sunt, sed Homines.*

PETRON.

† To begin with the last.

Vitrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa CATONI.

LUCAN.

—— *Cuncta Terrarum subacta,
Præter atrocem animum CATONIS.*

HOR.

Secretosque pios, his Dantem jura CATONEM.

VIRG.

I must own I join with such as think VIRGIL meant here CATO the Censor, tho' the stroke at CATILINA precedes.

MARTIAL's elegant Sentiment on this Head is worthy of the most Christian Philosopher *.

To expect to see what is perfect from Man, is Folly, being quite contrary to his Essence. The less imperfect is he, who has good Qualities sufficient to balance his Failings, and render the one tolerable, for the sake of the other.

And even here, how adorable is Divine Providence! for too much Excellence in any Creature, might alienate the Veneration due to the CREATOR only.

precedes. For it was not natural, that so servile and idolatrous a Flatterer of the *Cæsars*, could thus highly compliment the most implacable Opponent to their Rise, and moreover guilty of what he so beautifully condemns.

*Proxima deinde tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi Lethum
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Projecere animas : quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et Pauperiem, et duros perferre labores!
Fata obstant, tristisque Palus innabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx interfusa coerces.*

* *Rebus in angustiis facile est contemnere vitam,
Fortius ille facit, qui miser esse potest.*

MART.

CRITI-

C R I T I C I S M.

AS WIT is one of the greatest Gifts made by GOD to MAN; many by judging of it would in some sort supply its Absence.

I warn all young Writers, [supposing due Qualifications] to listen with the greatest Caution, and often little mind most *Critics* Corrections, as those who know, are commonly ill natured; and those humanely inclined, in general, not sufficiently knowing, and therefore often blame Things really good, because they have never met with the like in the small Circle of their Reading.

Who takes upon him to judge of a Work should at least be equally learned on the Subject as the Author, and be animated by a kindred Spirit.

From the frequent Deficiencies of the latter in our modern *Critics*, they censure the sprightly Sallies of Wit, their Heaviness can't attain to; as some near-sighted Dolts are vexed at those who see farther than themselves, and cry, 'Tis all Chimæra.

A celebrated Prelate of the *Romish* Church said to his People, Happy if in a thousand Confessors one good one can be found.

So

So say I of *Critics* ; for where is the Man who, possessed of a true Genius, sufficient Learning, and what is more, good Nature, can with Pleasure see Merit in its Infancy, [and not like some baneful Monsters, tyrannically frown, or sneer it dead] aid its feeble Flights, confirm its Course, and point out its Way to the Temple of Fame.

The first *Critics*, the Word itself imports, were occupied in shewing the Strength, Wit, and Spirit of an Author.

Among us Moderns, it is to look with an invidious Eye on all that is meritorious, but joyously fasten on the least Appearance of a Fault, and cry out, Victory ; aggrandize it through Dulness's magnifying Glass, and triumphantly diffuse a Knowledge thereof, as far as our Ill-nature can extend.

Those Gentlemen, who pique themselves to dislike every thing, find their Condemnation in Mr. POPE *, to whose admirable *Essay on Criticism* I refer my Readers, for the best Rules to judge of ingenious Productions.

In my Opinion those general Disapprovers have, in so doing, a secret View to themselves; and are resolved to be even with the Public, by refusing their Approbation to any Work ; as all their own Endeavours were

H

unfuc-

* Those Heads, as Stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.

POPE.

unsuccessful : for they are commonly of the Class of unapplauded Writers.

I thought this the properest Place to insert a few Reflections on some of our most universal Judgments, in regard to Society, which on a close Examination, will prove to be mostly erroneous, if, following the right Rule, we throw off all Prejudice like dirty Linen.

It is with most Professions, as with laced Clothes ; we honour the unnecessary Ornaments, and not the essential Part.

Blockheads we often incline to think Men of Sense, when of our Way of Thinking [this particularly regards Party-Men and System-Builders] ; but quite the Reverse, if otherwise.

To stop our Railing against a Person we think indifferently of, let somebody drop in our Ear, that he has lately spoken very advantageously of us. How gradually we soften to him, and begin seriously to persuade ourselves we have been hitherto in the wrong, and carried away by Prejudice.

Thus the late warm Patriot's Tongue freezes in his Country's Behalf, at the Grant of a Place.

Nothing is so difficult, or requires a greater Penetration, than to hit on the true Spring of Mens Actions.

Some bear a laudable Outside, though from the blackest Designs ; others quite the contrary,

contrary, though from fair, and candid Views.

We can no more judge of a Man's Principles when in Necessity, than of one in a raging Fever. They are both in a violent State. The dire Gnawings of an hungry Belly make Men often do what, if, out of that State, they would blush even to think of. To judge rightly, we must see them out of this melancholy Circumstance.

The greatest Misfortune that can befall a Man of Parts and Sentiment, is by any foolish Conduct, or Reverse of Fortune, to be obliged to sink beneath himself, and herd with the rascally Part of Mankind; which, in my Opinion, far surpasses COWLEY's Wish to his Foe*.

Ambition, and a Desire of gathering Riches, are commendable when in a View of doing Good.

What the World mistakenly calls pretty Gentlemen, are a certain Species of two-footed Animals, who have every thing scrupulously *a la mode*, possess some Theatrical Fragments, and all the new Songs, with which they constantly interlard their Discourse. Their utmost Glory is to raise a fallen Fan to its fair Mistress's Hand, accompanied with a languishing, reverential

H 2

Eye.

* Is there a Man I ought to hate,

Attendance and Dependence be his Fate. &c.

COWLEY.

Eye. Eternal Sun-shine is on their polish'd Face, never ruffled by impertinent Thinking; say what you will, they take it all for good, and pay you with a harmless Smile; besides a thousand other genteel, inoffensive Peculiarities, that constitute a very insignificant, pretty Fellow.

This in light, airy, delicate Constitutions may pass; but the aping of it in the larger sized, is horrible, and shockingly disagreeable. One of those in *Folio* Fops, in company with our neat bound *Duodecimos*, makes as striking a Contrast, as a lubberly *Buck-Hound* running with a Pack of slim *Beagles*.

What Pity it is the pretty ones have not an eternal Looking-Glass before them; as their utmost Happiness consists in admiring themselves.

Beauty, in *France*, is a Slave to *Ugliness*; the former being obliged to destroy itself by unnecessary Paint, in Complaisance to the latter.

How differently Nations judge of the highest of human Grandeur.

The polite *French*, by revering their Caprice, almost adore their Kings, as a God,

The less polished *English* believe theirs to be meer Man, and have sometimes given them too sensible Proofs of their Mortality. It seems as if they were at the Expence of paying a King, to have it in their Power to
look

look down on, and laugh at Monarchy. And lest they should be reproached for the Want of a State Ornament, if Occasion require, they can produce their royal Play-Thing, as well as their Neighbours.

The *English*, in regard to their Kings, are like the Frogs in the Fable, tyrannically insolent, or most slavishly cringing.

From wrong Judgments proceeds our firmly refusing Belief in Trifles, and slightly giving it in what most concerns our Happiness, nay our very Life.

What young Lady but inclines a willing Ear to the first Pretender, who accompanies his Declarations of Love, with Tears, Sighs, and Imprecations, the common Artifice of Wheedlers.

What sick Person but readily believes any Quack, who with a confident Look, and disembarraß'd Speech, promises a speedy Cure *.

How mean are we to esteem Men only according to their Wealth. For as the World goes now, Men rise or sink in Merit, as they grow rich or poor.

In a Company of what are called responsible Citizens, their respective Riches may be guessed at, by the decisive Air they assume. If ragged Merit dare throw in a Word of Sense, or trouble the Company with that
Foreigner

* *Cuiusque medico se professo non statim credatur, quamvis periculum sit in nullo mendacio majus.*

Foreigner a Thought, it is an Affront offered against the Dignity of the Place ; and in case of a Relapse, he is threatened to be excluded the august Assembly. — How they exhilarate their sense-supplying Tobacco, in censuring the unfortunate deserving. O Worldlings ! Worldlings ! too mean to be envied, and almost too despicable to be pitied ; the greatest Ill your most implacable Foe can wish you, is to continue in that Littleness of Soul, and niggardly Way of Thinking.

Some sensible Men, in spite of the best laid Schemes, miss of Success, and are accounted Fools by the Mob. Whilst other Blockheads, by taking the most foolish and ill judg'd Steps, blunder themselves into Fortune, and are counted very wise by the Injudicious.

Professed charitable Gentlemen, and declared Patrons of Merit, commonly miss their Mark, by recompensing the less deserving, and consequently more impudent, and letting the truly meritorious, and modest, escape their Benevolence.

How unjust is the Proceeding of some Fathers, who totally disinherit an unhappy Son, in Favour of some more virtuous Person, tho' not so nearly belonging to them ; and do not reflect, that the present Object of their Resentment may beget a very prudent Son, and that of their Favour a very wicked one. Nature and Reason cry out against such absolute

lute Exclusions, and only demand proper Restraints.

Nor are they wiser, who, when a Daughter, for Love of a worthless Person, and continual Solicitations, is guilty of a Frailty of Nature; turn her out to the wide World, and put her in a Necessity of committing daily Crimes for Subsistence.

Though I declare I am no Advocate for Vice, yet I cannot but smile at the Conduct of some Gentlemen, who sin almost every Hour, yet most gravely comment on the Failing of any unfortunate young Lady; as if they were the only privileged by Nature to have Passions.

Most People have the Small Pox, and are guilty of Folly, once in their Life. Happy those in whom they happen while young; for when once advanced in Years, we are apt to despair of a Recovery in either.

Reason is a precious Gift, and which we should never abuse; so that when, through the Means of Liquor, we find her going abroad, we should conduct the Body carefully home; lest by delaying too long it may lose its Guide, and fall in the Way. I am not against the agreeable Follies proceeding from the moderate Use of Wine*.

As every thing turns to Folly in the Hands of a Fool, so they turn to Profit in the Hands of the Wise.

Public

* *Dulce est decipere in loco.*

HOR.

Public Walks and Assemblies, tho' seemingly the Theatres of Idleness, have their Instruction in the Eye of a thinking Man. They may be look'd on as a Review of Human Nature.

How delicate a Pleasure is it to remark in what different Trifles our Vanity strives to display itself.

In one it is the smart Cock of his Hat. In another an alert Spring in his Step. In this a graceful Bow, and ceremonial Restoration of the Hat to its former Place. In *Stentorio* a vigorous Expectoration, and re-ecchoing Hem, to shew the Soundness of his Lungs. While poor *Philander* affects to speak loud, though in a faltering Voice, to be overheard by his beloved *Cælia*. How oft steals he a Side Look, to see if the charming cruel Fair deign to lend an Ear.

Most *Belles* pride in a simpering Look, pretty Toss in the Head, and studied working of the Neck and Bosom, that their Whiteness may dazzle the Spectators; the whole tagged with a Titter of Triumph as they pass by. The more stately ones affect a solemn Sweep as they walk, and when they salute, an almost annihilating Sink, followed by a gradual Resurrection.

If I could envy Ministers of State, it would be to have an Opportunity of seeing the Triflingness, Treachery, and Meanness Human Nature is capable of; which must make every

every rational Man wish with St. PAUL, to be free'd from his earthly Fetters, and admire the only perfect Being.

FRIENDSHIP.

NO Term more common than that of FRIEND; yet what so rare to find; nay more, who barely understand the divine Energy of the Word?

We are in the main but little obliged to those who serve us not through Choice, but through a favourite Disposition; it is in regard of themselves, and not us, that they act.

Some Men spoil a Number of good Actions, by tagging the whole with some mean, dirty Turn*.

The FRIENDSHIP of another Class of Men, we as undeservedly acquire, as unaccountably lose: This may be called the Harlotry of FRIENDSHIP.

LIBERTINE FRIENDSHIP, as it begins in Vice, has commonly a melancholy End.

This Passion is neither shining, or durable, but when it has Virtue for its Basis. Then it is seen in the candid Warmth for our

I

FRIEND'S

* *Definit in Piscem Mulier formosa superne.*

HOR.

FRIEND's Preferment, though to our Disadvantage. In being anxiously delicate to him, when in Misfortune ; and by being beforehand with his Wants, save a generous Mind the Confusion of asking.

Though every one praises this Passion ; Orators have extolled, and Poets sung it ; yet it is so seldom to be met with, that it may almost be ranked among the intellectual Beings. Those in whose happy Breasts it burns, are Human Nature's Credit, *They are Men !*

L O V E

IS the most noble Passion, when legitimate, either Sex is capable of ; being, next to Divine Adoration, what we are principally designed for while on Earth.

LOVE is threefold — *Physical*, *Metaphysical*, and *Moral*.

Physical is the uneasy Flame kindled in us at the Sight of a fine Face, which, if destitute of all other Recommendations, passes as soon in our Esteem, as it grows familiar.

Metaphysical belongs chiefly to Poets, it is their aerial *Chloe*, with which they warm their Imagination to write a Love Scene, or Song. An under Class of them are the *Camelion*

mælion Strephons; these are Gentlemen who love at an awful Distance, and never come to a Conversation. But O what innocent Extasy is theirs, to see their *Indamora* in a Walk, her Head-Dress playing with the enamour'd Breeze! And when the divine Object of their Contemplation disappears, home they go in a happy Languor, still representing her to their sickly Thoughts in some favourite Attitude, and live whole Days on the Air of their Fair-one's Face.

Moral is the only true and lasting; being founded on the good Qualities of the Object loved. ADDISON, in his CATO, has given us a fine Picture of one of each Sex*.

It is pretty odd, that there is scarce a surer Proof of a Person's loving another, than to be always finding fault with, or railing against it. It is the Artifice of a sick Mind, which would talk at any Rate of what it admires, and so give room to others to praise it. For People in this State devour with a greedy

I 2

Ear

* L U C I A.

O PORTIUS, thou hast stol'n away my Soul!
With what a graceful Tenderneſs he loves,
And breathes the ſoſteſt and ſincereſt Vows.
Complacency, and Truth, and Manly Sweetneſs,
Dwell ever on his Tongue, and ſmooth his Thoughts.

J U B A.

The virtuous MARCIA tow'rs above her Sex.
True ſhe is fair [Oh, how divinely fair!]
But ſtill the lovely Maid improves her Charms,
With inward Greatneſs, unaffected Wiſdom,
And Sanctity of Manners.

Ear all said in Defence of the Person they attack, and are but little pleased with those who believe their Accusation.

Nothing so base as to draw the Love of an innocent Girl, without any Design of answering ; but through a Promise of Marriage, abuse her Person, is one of the greatest Crimes, though unhappily for Society in these Kingdoms, not within the Verge of the Law. It is Ingratitude pushed to the highest Degree. It is paying a pardonable Weakness, of which we have been the artful Instrument, with her certain Ruin. I know no Present the Criminal can make the ruined Fair, but to rid her at once of Infamy and Life. Is it not *Syren* like, with flattering Voices to first allure, and then destroy ?

I have known some monstrous Exceptions to the Laws of Nature declare, that if they knew themselves to be mutually loved, it would in them beget immediate Hatred. This is so capricious a Turn of Mind, that to mention it is enough to shew the Absurdity.

The End of LOVE is, or ought to be, to *Marry* ; which, indeed, most People do, go to Bed, and get Children. Many Reflections might be made on the *Matrimonial* Chapter, with regard to the Civilities Husband and Wife owe each other, the Education of their Children, and Domestic Affairs. But this I wave, as it would be ridiculous, and prophane,

phane, for a Single Sinner to meddle in the
 sacred Mysteries of that grave Part of Human
 Kind ; and therefore chuse to entertain my
 Readers with POPE's elegant Sentiments on
 that happy State.

HYMEN's Flames like Stars unite,
 And burn for ever one ;
 Chaste as cold *Cynthia's* Silver Light,
 Productive as the Sun.

O Source of ev'ry social Tie,
 United Wish, and mutual Joy !
 What various Joys on one attend,
 As Son, as Father, Brother, Husband, Friend.
 While thousand grateful Thoughts arise,
 Whether his hoary Sire he spies,
 Or meets his Spouse's fonder Eye,
 Or views his smiling Progeny,
 What tender Passions take their Turns !
 What home-felt Raptures move !
 His Heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With Rev'rence, Hope, and Love.

Purest LOVE's unwasting Treasure,
 Constant Faith, fair Hope, long Leisure,
 Days of Ease, and Nights of Pleasure,
 Sacred HYMEN, these are thine.

PRIDE

P R I D E

AND SELF-LOVE so run into and play each other's Part, that it is often hard to separate them : We will here look on them in the same Light.

A little of either gives a proper Relish to the Actions of Man ; as Seasoning does to Meat : too much spoils both.

What the World commonly calls a proud Man, is a most ridiculous Being. How monstrous is it to see the PRIDE of some Creatures, condemn'd to dress, undress, eat, drink, sleep, and all other Meanneſſes Human Nature is ſubject to. What is Man, whoſe Health can be ſo eaſily impaired, and oft reſtored by the moſt deſpiſed Subſtances ? And whence comes it, that what our Eye, Taſte, Appetite fought ſo greedily after, is now become an Object of Horror ? It has paſſed through our precious ſelves *.

Let us run over the various Cauſes of Human PRIDE.

Is

* *Quando consideramus quid ſit Homo, quam caducus, quam fragilis, unde ortum habeat, naſcitur enim inter ſtercus et urinam. Quid igitur vita hominis ? Nil niſi umbra.*
FRED. HOFFMAN.

Is it *Birth*? It is accidental, and, as I have already shewn, a meer imaginary *Præ-eminence*, when not supported by Merit.

Is it the Possession of *Riches*? They can be taken from us by Stratagem, Force, and many Revolutions we are subject to in this Life.

Is it *Beauty*? Admire thy Face, and pleasing Shape, fair Maid, and dainty Youth. The many Diseases incident to Human Nature can destroy the once neat Form, and make it hideous to the Sight. In what a small Circumference moves our Idol Body, which often gets betwixt us and our God. By how many Accidents can it be disfigured, bruised, and curtailed! and must inevitably be committed to the fatal Embraces of a Coffin.

Do *Titles* charm thee? The same Power that gives them, can take them away. Therefore precarious is their Possession.

Is it *Learning*? Alas, some Diseases have so shatter'd the perishable Machine, as to make the Afflicted forget whatever they had *learned*. Such was PICUS DE MIRANDOLA'S Case, as famous for his universal *Learning*, as for this melancholy Accident.

To what a dismal Situation has *Age* reduced a MARLBOROUGH, and [ye Heavens] a SWIFT! Boast now, vain Man, thy Wisdom, Fortitude, and Wit.

If

P R I D E

AND SELF-LOVE so run into and play each other's Part, that it is often hard to separate them : We will here look on them in the same Light.

A little of either gives a proper Relish to the Actions of Man ; as Seasoning does to Meat : too much spoils both.

What the World commonly calls a proud Man, is a most ridiculous Being. How monstrous is it to see the PRIDE of some Creatures, condemn'd to dress, undress, eat, drink, sleep, and all other Meanneſſes Human Nature is ſubject to. What is Man, whoſe Health can be ſo eaſily impaired, and oft reſtored by the moſt deſpiſed Subſtances ? And whence comes it, that what our Eye, Taſte, Appetite ſought ſo greedily after, is now become an Object of Horror ? It has paſſed through our precious ſelves *.

Let us run over the various Cauſes of Human PRIDE.

Is

* *Quando conſideramus quid ſit Homo, quam caducus, quam fragilis, unde ortum habeat, naſcitur enim inter ſtercus et urinam. Quid igitur vita hominis ? Nil niſi umbra.*
FRED. HOFFMAN.

Is it *Birth*? It is accidental, and, as I have already shewn, a meer imaginary *Præ-eminence*, when not supported by Merit.

Is it the Possession of *Riches*? They can be taken from us by Stratagem, Force, and many Revolutions we are subject to in this Life.

Is it *Beauty*? Admire thy Face, and pleasing Shape, fair Maid, and dainty Youth. The many Diseases incident to Human Nature can destroy the once neat Form, and make it hideous to the Sight. In what a small Circumference moves our Idol Body, which often gets betwixt us and our God. By how many Accidents can it be disfigured, bruised, and curtailed! and must inevitably be committed to the fatal Embraces of a Coffin.

Do *Titles* charm thee? The same Power that gives them, can take them away. Therefore precarious is their Possession.

Is it *Learning*? Alas, some Diseases have so shatter'd the perishable Machine, as to make the Afflicted forget whatever they had *learned*. Such was PICUS DE MIRANDOLA's Case, as famous for his universal *Learning*, as for this melancholy Accident.

To what a dismal Situation has *Age* reduced a MARLBOROUGH, and [ye Heavens] a SWIFT! Boast now, vain Man, thy Wisdom, Fortitude, and Wit.

If

If *Elegantly Writing* swell thy Thoughts ;
It is but the Art of delicately ranging the
most intelligible Words.

If *Wit* ; why what is *Wit* ? A painted
Fly that plays around a Flower, this Hour
admired, the next forgot ; save some few
sorrowing Friends, that say, Alas, the pretty
Thing is now no more.

A Transcendency in *Wit* is frequently its
own Punishment. For the Gentlemen mostly
endowed therewith, are often most liable to
be dejected. Thus the finest Musical Instru-
ments are the easiest hurted, whilst others of
inferior Worth can be tumbled about with-
out any remarkable Change.

Would it content thy PRIDE to be a
King ? Behold that Monarch, whose Com-
mands trembling Hosts obey, exquisitely tor-
tured in his Palace, by a restless Worm play-
ing the Tyrant in a hollow Tooth. He
whose Nod gives Happiness or Misery to
Nations, is compell'd to cry out for a Mo-
ment's Ease from the operating Hand of one
of his meanest Subjects.

A View of the Apartments of *Versailles*,
which fills most People with Admiration,
gave me the Spleen, on reflecting, Is this all
Human PRIDE can reach to *.

Beaux PRIDE in the laced Elegance of a
Taylor they despise. Though of the two,
the latter has more room to be vain, as he
can

* ——— *Quantum est in rebus inane !* JUV.

can justly say, That fine Gentleman there
owes his Merit to me.

How an empty Fop exults to wave over
his Head a Collection of Feathers, the Proprietor Bird daggled without Vanity through
many a dirty Way.

Where is the mighty Difference betwixt
a Man's being proud of a Ribbon, and a
Dog of a Collar; a Blast of a Trumpet, or
the Jingle of a Bell?

PRIDE shews it self no where more emi-
nently than in a young affected *Belle*, and
youthful *Poet*, plagued with the same
Disease.

Our *Heroine* thinks

*Attendant Flow'rs should spring where-e'er
she treads,
And am'rous Zephyrs fan her as she goes.*

She scarcely deigns to recreate Nature with
a Smile; and deeming herself above mortal
Hopes, waits some descending God to drop
into her Arms.

Behold our *Youth* elate, who soaring on
the Wings of his approving Fancy, sees
Apollo stretch forth the Laurel, and beckon
from the double Hill. — Fame sound your
Trumpet, Muses tune your Lyres, bow down
Parnassus to salute the rising Bard.

What various Degrees of *Poetic PRIDE*,
from harmonious POPE on *Pindus* Top, to
K lyric

lyric C-bb-r croaking in a Horse-Pond at the Bottom !

POETS might indeed be proud, if Mankind in general would think as highly of them, as *Charles IX*, King of *France*, which appears by his elegant Lines to his favourite Poet *ROUSARD* *.

What must all *Pride* be banished from Human Society ? The mad extravagant Part of it ought, but the Quintessence preserv'd ; which, though it acting wins all Hearts, is never seen. This gives a noble Emulation, in all Arts and Sciences : This pure, unfulled, elemental *PRIDE*, the last remaining Spark of our first happy State, constitutes the honest Joy, which springs from virtuous Deeds.

It is this excites a generous *MADDEN*, when he succours Merit in Distress, and rewards all laudable Attempts.

This warms a *CAULFIELD*, and *MALONE*, to defend the Widow and Orphan against powerful Oppression, and extricate struggling Equity from the Perplexity of Laws.

This actuates *SINGLETON*, *Themis* favourite Son, when, unerring as herself, he
conveys

* *L'art de faire des vers [dut on s'en indigner]
Doit etre a plus haut prix que celui de regner.
Ta Lyre qui ravit par de si doux accords,
Te soumet les esprits, dont je n'ay que les corps.
Elle t'en rend le maitre, et te scait introduire,
Ou le plus fier Tyran ne peut avoir d'empire.*

conveys her sacred Oracles in that chaste Eloquence, with which he long had wooed her.

This glows in the Patriot Statesman's Breast, who firm in his Country's Cause, makes the Welfare of Mankind his Care by Day, and dreams of nothing else by Night. Such our late TUTELARY GENIUS, whose Party-stifling, Heart-winning, superior Talents, made us enjoy Peace, and Happiness, whilst a Sister Realm was exposed to all the Horrors of civil Rage.

The pious Clergyman in the Pulpit feels its secret Impulse, at the pleasing Thought of a not inelegant Discourse.

Nay, moralizing, I am even now whispered by this busy Something, to think these scattered Thoughts not despicable: which may, perhaps not improperly, be called — *Matches for the Unthinking, to kindle Reflection.*



THIRD SECTION.

INTRODUCTION.

AS the following Reflections do not properly fall under any of the preceding Heads of the PASSIONS of MAN, yet are so immediately relative to him, I thought it the most methodical to throw them into a separate Section.

The Transitoriness of LIFE.

THE short Duration of all Pomp, and Pleasure of this World, should make us raise ourselves above it, and fix our Thoughts on what is more lasting, what is immortal.

The *Four great Empires* rose successively on each other's Ruin, flourished awhile, and passed away.

Rome,

Rome, the Pride, Terror, and Mistress of the World, with all her Grandeur, is swallowed up in the vast Abyss of Time. The pompous Histories of her shining Actions, like Theatrical Performances, are but faint Representatives of what has been. So short is the Life of Man, not in respect to Eternity, but even the *transitory* Duration of this World, that CÆSAR, a crying, helpless Babe, CÆSAR passing the *Rubicon*, CÆSAR dictating Laws to the subject World, from *Rome's* proud Capitol, seems to me like the Figure I have seen at a Puppet-Shew when a Child, which, one Moment an almost imperceptible Dwarf, started the next into a mimic Giant, and ridiculously strutting, elbow'd all around *.

LEWIS XIV, to please whose Vanity Art and Nature exhausted all their Treasures, yielded to inevitable Fate, though often stiled the Invincible, the Immortal.

How moving and instructive is it to behold that Heart, at whose ambitious Swellings armed Millions started from the Earth, to threaten *Europe*, hang in the dark Solitude of an empty Church, unattended, save what

* *Jacet manibus, pedibusque devinctis flens animal,
cæteris imperaturum* PLIN.

Imperial CÆSAR, dead and turn'd to Clay,
Might stop a Hole to keep the Wind away.
O that that Earth which kept the World in Awe,
Shou'd patch a Wall, to save the Waters Flaw.

SHAKESP.

what Vermin crawl on the Outside of the containing Case. There is no *Fontanges*, *Valiere*, *Montespan*, or *Maintenon*, to sooth its various Passions. Those excelling Mistresses in the pleasing Art, like the royal Idol for whom they adorned themselves, are sunk into the common Mass of Earth, and bandied about by disrespectful Winds.

A frequent Image of this we have in public Entertainments. Go thither on a crowded Night, when every Part seems animated by the Charms of Beauty, and the Blaze of Dress. The Diversion ended, Company dispersed, and Lights extinguished, return thither, what a frightful Desert is the late Scene of our Joy become !

See young *Clarinda* at a Ball, warm'd by Dancing, and by Music fired, as the dreaded End approaches, how she endeavours to remain the last, and covetously protract escaping Pleasure. But all withdrawn, she at length unwillingly retires. With what Tenderness she eyes the dying Tapers, empty Saloon, and widow'd Chairs — Sighing she departs, and home-ward sooths her melancholy Thoughts, with the dear Remembrance of the figur'd Ball. — Even so runs the Farce of Life.

Where are the Inhabitants of this, and all other great Cities, an hundred Years ago ? They danced, they sung, they play'd, and enjoy'd all Pleasures, as we do now. — But
where

where are they ? Where we shall be an hundred Years hence ; our Bodies turn'd to Earth, and our Souls sentenced to a happy or miserable Eternity.

D E A T H.

WE are born to live, we live to die, we die to rise in Immortality, glorious or unhappy.

DEATH is a Debt we all must pay ; no Power, Strength, Learning, Charm, can ward us from it. POPE the divine Essayist's gone, SWIFT is no more ; STANHOPE * and ST. JOHN † must obey the Call.

In vain a King relies on Pomp, Royalty, and Courage of surrounding Guards, to forbid all Entrance to the fatal Foe. DEATH mocks their harmless Spears, bounds o'er the Palace Walls, and summons him from amidst his Joy, to appear without Delay, before the high Tribunal of the King of Kings.

The

* PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD, late one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

† HENRY Lord BOLINGBROKE, long free from Ministerial Cares, though always superior to them when employed. One of the greatest Genius's among the Moderns, and equal to any of the Antients. SWIFT's Friend, and POPE's Patron. A generous Encourager of Merit. His own above Rivalship, now enjoys the Sweets of learned Retirement.

The Man for Strength and Action famed,
feels his weaken'd Frame devour'd by tacit
Ills. His Fibres lose their *Tonus*, each Nerve
grows slack, his late vigorous Heart forgets
to beat. In vain he weeps his former Strength.
He groans his last.

With what a scornful Leer DEATH views
the haughty *Learned*, arm'd with Rule and
Compass, and lost in the midst of endless
Calculations, impiously usurp the Place of the
Divinity, rejudge his Work, and account
with him for the Universal Frame *. Justly
irritated at the daring Reptile, he confounds
his Systems, and to his swimming Thoughts
makes two seem five, obliterates the dancing
Lines, and wraps him in immediate Night.

Come, most deserving Pity, come cele-
brated *Belle* in all the Tire of Love, call
forth thy every Grace, exert the utmost
Power of Beauty. But what avails it ?
DEATH knows not Love. Your Eyes,
those pleasing Suns, must set. That Tongue,
which now delights each ravish'd Ear, must
ever silent lie. The blushing Cheek, the
ruby Lip, grow pale, and all your snowy
Charms dissolve. Nay, the Time is near,
when

* Go, wiser Thou, and in thy Scale of Sense,
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence.

Snatch from his Hand the Balance, and the Rod,
Rejudge his Justice, be the God of GOD.

POPE.

when not an Atom shall be found of all this quintessential Earth.

The just Man thinks on Death with a tranquil Mind, as an End to all human Misery, and the Opening of a happy Eternity. For opposite Reasons the Wicked justly shudder at the Thought.

The virtuous Part of Mankind should look on Society as a large Company travelling to a wish'd-for Point, DEATH a River over which they must inevitably pass to reach it, and those who soonest die, as who cross in the Ferry first, wish them a good Passage, and cheerfully tell them we hope soon to follow.

R E L I G I O N.

GOD reigned, and *Time* was not. In the Plenitude of Divine Glory he created Angels to adore, and participate eternal Happiness. Spirited by fatal Ambition, they rebelling kindled the Anger of the LORD, drew on them the just Vengeance of Almighty Wrath, and, too late repentant, fell, to never rise.

At their Fall, GOD wills, and lo! from *Nothing* start innumerable Worlds, to complete the Universal System, each design'd for its peculiar Use, this to be the Seat of

L

MAN,

MAN, and honour'd by the Footsteps of a
GOD.

Innocent MAN was fixed in *Paradise* the sole Lord of all. But by a Permission of the DIVINITY, the Evil Spirit in an evil Moment tempted EVE, she seduced her Husband, who by Eating the forbidden Fruit, obtain'd the Knowledge of lost Happiness and lasting Misery, the fatal Legacy transmitted by him to his Posterity, who all implicitly have sinn'd in him.

Plung'd in this wretched State, how strive to rescue our selves from the Calamities entail'd on Human Nature? How recover our lost Inheritance? By what Form of Adoration render our selves less displeasing to the injured Majesty of Heaven, if not directed by some Superior Being? Otherwise, following the wild, extravagant Dictates of perverted Nature, we should like other Nations, by monstrous *Homicide* Worship, dishonour GOD, and efface Humanity.

To obviate this unavoidable Misery, from the Fall of our first Father, the *Old Law* was given to the chosen Nation, and perfected in the *New*, by the Presence of GOD *the Son made Man!*

What suffers more from wrong Judgments than *Religion*? Some believe not, because they cannot comprehend. But may it not be asked of them, if they conceive how a Grain of Corn, thrown into the Bosom of
the

the Earth, produces a long Stalk, numerous Ears, and a multiplied Race, all bearing an exact Likeness to it? Or how, from momentary Rapture, springs the lordly Creature MAN?

Many doubt of the Godhead of CHRIST, in Contradiction to the most convincing Proofs; who, were he offered to them as a meer Man, they would strain a Point to adore as a GOD. For my Part, were I not otherwise persuaded, his Precepts would claim my Adoration, as to the most perfect of Mankind, and therefore the immediate Emanation, and Image of the Deity.

Our SAVIOUR's being the reputed Son of a Carpenter, and his Apostles, low, illiterate Men, demonstrate the Necessity of superior Inspiration, to enlighten, and animate them, to accomplish their miraculous Mission.

Who would not rather [forgive the impious Supposition] think wrong with CHRIST's Sectators, than right with the perplexed uneasy-minded *Deist*.

It is notwithstanding shocking to think, that from the *Christian Religion*, founded on *Charity*, and *Brotherly Love*, what Subversion of States, and Massacres, have arisen. A kind of Fury unknown among the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*. The latter, to avoid all Jealousy on that Head, made their Temples serve as common Hospitals for all the Gods and Godlings of their conquer'd Provinces.

The

The Fault is not in the Text, but in its wicked Interpreters, to either serve their private Ambition, or implacable Malice.

In these unhappy Kingdoms, how many uncharitably rigid, and madly zealous, would piously bathe their Hands in each other's Blood, for thinking differently ! Though we might with as much Reason destroy all whose Features bear no Resemblance to ours.

Lay People, actuated by this lunatic Zeal, ought to be sequester'd into proper Houses, as dangerous to Society.

With Concern I have lately seen the once supposed Pen of *Liberty*, degenerated into that of *Persecution*, in the turgid, School-boy Declamation of the FARMER'S LETTERS ; whose turbulent Author has elaborately affected a Style PETRONIUS so justly ridicules *.

What different Effects from the same Cause ? to get Bread !

It is an old *Phaeton* [and therefore less pardonable] mounted on the Chariot of the Sun.

* *Nam alio genere furiarum declamatores inquietantur, qui clamant, hæc vulnera pro libertate publicâ excepi, hunc oculum pro vobis impendi ; date mihi ducem qui me ducat ad liberos meos, nam succisi Poplites membra non sustinent. — Video Piratas (seu PAPISTAS) cum catenis in littore stantes, et tyrannos edicta scribentes quibus imperent filiis, ut patrum suorum capita præcidant, &c.*

PETRON.

Sed quorsum hæc ?

Risum teneatis amici ?

HOR.

Sun. Or, to speak in plain *English*, the Gentleman has a Horse, but wants a Bridle.

Others, bit by the same mad Dog, I pass by unmentioned, and leave in the peaceable Possession of that invincible Obscurity, they have made so many impotent Efforts to plunge out of; but give them by the way this friendly Admonishment. Fame is a delicate Lady; she courts the modestly deserving, but flies all *Desperadoes*, that would commit a Rape on her.

Clergymen, of whatever Denomination, who encourage this devout Spleen of *Religion*, do it as often through Ignorance, as Malice; and act like a shallow-read Disputant, who, mad at his Insufficiency of Reason, to cut the Argument short, knocks his Antagonist down. This, I must confess, is a ready way of bringing Things to a Crisis, though neither Christian or Philosophical.

The *Machiavel* Part of the Clergy, to effect any Scheme, commonly apply to the Women, whose Pride is tickled to be made the Champions of Heaven; and the pious Director in consequence well fed. The Husbands are seldom addrest to first. And as it was from the Beginning, so it is now, and will be to the End. The Evil Spirit tempts, weak Woman yields, and indolent Man is led by the Nose. Observe the Regularity of our new Apostolic Dame. What Exclamations against the Wickedness of the Age, and
loose

rooté Lives of all her Acquaintance ! Truly, for her Part, she will be damn'd for no body. Every thing in her House must be done with *Christian Decorum* ; and the Lap-Dog allow'd to shake himself, but in an *edifying* manner.

Reflections on the uncharitable way we live with each other, have made me often wish that we had more Humanity, and less *Religion*, I mean *Religion Militant*.

All Ecclesiastic Abettors of this unchristian Madness, wear a Livery, without knowing their Master. They follow not his Orders, but the Dictates of their vicious Hearts. By adulterating the Text, and abusing the Credulity of the People, instead of raising themselves into so many Images of GOD, they dwindle into Monsters.

There is more of *Mahometanism* than *Christianity*, in giving for Motto to Swords, and Cannon Balls, *Be converted to the Lord* ; and to which the Sentiment of *Lucretius* may be justly applied.

*What mighty Ills have from RELIGION
sprung ! **

If we are persuaded of our being in the *Right*, let us look on those we judge to be in the *Wrong*, with an Eye of *Christian* Compassion. Let us exhort, not hate ; instruct, not murder ; strive by good Example,

**Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum !*

LUCRET.

ple, Complacency of Manners, Mildness, and Sweetness of Temper, to gain, what weaker Force, or coercive Laws, will never do *.

How far it may be consonant with the *Christian*, or any other *Religion*, to encourage Sons to rise against their Fathers, or Younger Brothers to piously work their Elders Ruin, I leave to Churchmen to decide. But this I can affirm, that to incite People to break through the strongest and most sacred Ties of Blood, for sordid Interest, is sapping Society in its Foundation, and stifling Nature in her Cradle, and a sure Method to beget a Nation of Rascals. For which a certain Island in *Europe* stands infamously famous in the Eyes of her next Neighbours; and every *mistaken* Step she takes to rise in their Esteem, but confirms them more and more in their disadvantageous Opinion. Thus the iniquitous Servant of a discerning Master, by every unfair Scheme he proposes to ingratiate himself with him, but betrays more and more his Weakness, and Want of Principle.

- * *Epargne a ta Raison ces disputes frivoles,
Ce poison des Esprits nè du sein des ecoles;
Ferme en tes sentimens, et simple en ton Cœur,
Aime la verité, et pardonne a l'erreur.
Fuis les emportemens d'un zele atrabilaire,
Ce mortel qui s'egare, est une homme, est ton frere.
Sois sage pour toi seul, compatissant pour lui,
Fais ton bonheur enfin par le bonheur d'autrui.*

VOLTAIRE.

ciple. Proceedings of this kind dishonour Humanity, and quite invert the Order of Nature, so beautifully display'd in POPE'S *Essay on Man*.

GOD loves from Whole to Parts; but
 Human Soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
 Self-Love but serves the virtuous Mind to
 wake,
 As the small Pebble stirs the peaceful Lake;
 The Centre mov'd, a Circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads.
 Friend, Parent, Neighbour, first it will embrace,
 His Country next, and next all Human Race;
 Wide, and more wide, th' O'erflowings of
 the Mind
 Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry Kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless Bounty
 blest'd,
 And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breast.
 POPE.

The sublime Idea the *Pagans* had of *Brotherly Love*, made them transmit to Posterity the Feuds of ETHEOCLES and POLYNICES, about *Gavelling* the Throne of *Thebes*, in the blackest Colours. What would they think of a Nation where, in almost every House, such Sons of OEDIPUS might be found? Or where a Law could be conceiv'd,
 to

to deprive expiring Parents the inviolable and *sacred* Privilege of entrusting Children to the Care of their second-selves, a faithful Friend ! And on which Head we have so many pathetic Sentiments from Antiquity ? But we Moderns are quite another Race of Men, and have struck out a *New Nature*.

Uncorrupted *Nature*, and disinterested *Christianity*, are not such Enemies as the venal Part of the Clergy of all Sects would make them : But on the contrary, the latter will appear to be the affirmative of the former, to each impartial Examiner *.

Those Gentlemen in whom the *legislative* Power is vested, should always have this undeniable Maxim present to their Thoughts. And this Advice do I give all *Christians*, whether commanded by *Popes*, *Emperors*, or *Kings*, to refuse that Doctrine which honest *Nature* cries, is wrong.

I admire the prudent Zeal of a great Man, who waving his right Hand in Air, would call emphatically on his GOD ! *King ! Religion ! Country !* — And with his left, *shovel* a whole People's Treasure into his Pocket †.

Tell me, unchristian Gentry, what Profit arises to ye from abandoning *Religion* ? The
M virtuous

* Slave to no Sect, who takes no private Road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's GOD.

POPE.

† Who but must laugh if such a Man there be ?
Who would not weep if ATTICUS were he !

POPE.

virtuous Man in his Tears finds Joys more refined, than the Libertine in full Possession of the Round of surfeiting Pleasures. Name me one advantage accruing to ye from your Sentiments, and I'll go over to your Side. Is your Wine more sparkling in your Glafs? Does the Sun enlighten you with brighter Rays? Do the Meadows and Groves in Spring chear your Eye with a more lively Green? Find ye more solid Bliss in the Arms of a Prostitute, followed by dear-bought Repentance, than in the Embraces of a virtuous Wife? If *Love* is the most agreeable of all Passions, *Religion* gives it its Perfection, in rendering it indissoluble by the Matrimonial Bonds.

Annihilation or *Eternity* must certainly follow this Life.

If the former? The *Religious*, leading a Life calm and serene, is far more happy than the *Irreligious*, still tormented by Remorse.

If the latter? Of which no reasoning Man can doubt, no more than of the Existence of GOD. Where is the *Atheist*? Nay, Where the *Deist*? His natural *Religion* is a monstrous Phantom, composed of Contradictions. Let him own how in vain he strives to free his tortured Mind, from the still returning — *If*?

The World created not itself, but was created. GOD, being all-wise, created for
some

some End ; being all-perfect, he could not create for an imperfect one : Therefore created for himself ; that is, that the End of Creation should tend to him. Nothing in the Creation worthy of that high Destiny, but MAN ; all other Beings cent'ring in him. Man, by Sinning, displeas'd his GOD. How shall his Descendants recover their lost Inheritance, if not instructed by some divine Emanation ? This is no where to be found, but in *Reveal'd Religion* ; therefore the *Christian* is the only true.

CONCLUSION.

A PRAYER.

ALL Great ! All Powerful ! All Wise !
Containing All ! Conceiv'd by None ! Thy
Mercy knows no Bounds !

Give me to think fraternally of all, even
of those abandon'd Wretches, who burn on
Afric's Sands, or freeze beneath the Pole.

Give me to rise above all Prejudice of
Tyrant Education, in Loving You, to love
Mankind, love You in All, and All in You.

Give me to ever seek, esteem, and culti-
vate the happy Mortal, not blindly tied to any
Sect, or Party ; and clasp him to my Heart

WITH

WITH HOOPS OF STEEL *, — for be
alone's a Man!

Give me, as far as human Frailty can
bear, to shun dark Error's Paths, and fol-
low the pure Rays of Truth.

O grant, when freed from all the Toils of
Life, to soar aloft, and through the heavenly
Regions sing aloud FOR EVER PRAISED
BE HE THAT IS.

* SHAKESPEAR.

F I N I S.



